hearts. 'Nobility' and ' baseness': these are qualities which we quite instinctively recognise. ' Honour ' and"' execration'; these are feelings which are spontaneously generated- in our hearts.

That is about as far as we can .get in analysing what our moral sense impresses on us with regard to the conduct of other people. If we wish to have a yet clearer insight into the pronouncements of our moral sense, we must note what emotions it wakens in us concerning the conduct not of others , but of ourselves.

Suppose that I have received great kindness from a friend. He took me to his house when I was homeless, guided me, sympathised with me, helped me when I was desolate, started me in life, and ever since with brotherly interest ha$ watched over my career. In the confidence of our friendship he tells me a secret of his circumstances, not in itself in any way dishonourable, but such that his prosperity depends on the confidence being sacredly kept. But I know that his rival and competitor will give me a hundred rupees for the secret, and I forthwith go and sell it to him and receive the cash. A year afterwards my friend dies, a ruined and broken-hearted man through my

betrayal. I meanwhile
have greatly prospered. My hundred rupees
have become
five thousand, rupees. But the night after
hearing of his
death I lie sleepless on my bed, and my
conduct all rises up
before me vivid in every detail. And the
moment that is so,
an intense self-abhorrence, an almost
unbearable shame
seizes on me. I judge myself with a
poignancy and an .
unsparing justice more acute than I have
ever judged others
with. I try to frame excuses to myself. But
they wither
and shrivel before I can shape them in
thought. I know,
without any reasoning whatsoever, that I
have been a sneak
and a traitor. I do not argue with myself. I
cannot. The
knowledge overwhelmes me. Shame and
confusion of face